BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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J. J. Byrne, for eight years employed by the Metropolitan Meat Company, Limited, as its collector, has established a collection agency at Room 11 Campbell block, Merchant street, Honolulu. Reference: G. J. Waller. 4292-1m

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Bulletin Business Office Phone 256. Bulletin Editorial Room Phone 185.

Oahu Railway Time Table.

OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waialua, Kahuku and Way Stations—*9:15 a. m., *3:20 p. m.

For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—†7:30 a. m., *9:15 a. m., *11:05 a. m., *2:15 p. m., *3:20 p. m., *5:15 p. m., ‡9:30 p. m., ‡11:06 p. m.

For Wahiawa—*9:15 a. m. and *5:15 p. m.

INWARD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waialua and Waianae—*8:36 a. m., ..5:31 p. m.

Arrive in Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—†7:46 a. m., *8:36 a. m., *10:38 a. m., *1:40 p. m., *4:31 p. m., *5:31 p. m., *7:30 p. m.

Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—*8:36 a. m. and *5:31 p. m.

* Daily.
† Ex. Sunday.
‡ Sunday Only.

The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train (only first-class tickets honored), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:22 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waianae.

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185 editorial rooms—256 business office. These are the telephone numbers of the Bulletin office.

HOW I KILLED MY FIRST INDIAN

BY BUFFALO BILL

FROM "TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS"

IN 1857 I was barely eleven when I shot my first Indian. He was a chief. I knew that from his headdress. His name I never learned. Here is the story:

My parents, with their seven children, had moved from Iowa to Kansas three years earlier. My father had taken up a claim in Salt Creek valley and built a comfortable home. But he was not to enjoy the good days that seemed to be dawning for us.

Kansas just then was torn by the slavery feud, and in the bitter strife of the time my father, after making an antislavery speech at a nearby post trader's store, was mobbed and his life threatened. On this occasion one of my father's irate audience—a man, Charles Dunne by name—stabbed my loved parent in the side. At the time of the attack I stood unarmed over my wounded father's body and tried with childish strength to fight off his assailant; but, though he escaped with life in him from the place where he was assaulted, he subsequently succumbed to his injuries, and in the following spring he died. This calamity deprived my mother and our family of a worthy and esteemed head of the household, his death being an incident in the horrid internecine strife that eventuated in the tragedies of the civil war. I was then ten years old.

I could ride any horse alive. I had a knack of shooting straight, and I knew something about herding cattle. I thought these qualities might earn me a living. They did.

A firm of overland freighters—Russell, Majors & Waddell—were at Leavenworth. One of them, Mr. Majors, had been a friend of my father. I asked him for a job as "extra" on one of his wagon trains. The pay was $40 a month—a fortune it seemed to me then. The work was the sort usually intrusted to a grown man, and it meant not only perpetual hustling, but a lot of danger as well, for the plains in those days were anything but free from Indians. This latter thought frightened even my brave mother. Boylike, I was delighted at the idea.

Mr. Majors said he would take me on as extra for one trip. If I did well I could have a regular job. I resolved to do miracles as an extra. The "train" was made up of twenty-five loaded wagons, each carrying 7,000 pounds, each drawn by six yoke of oxen and guided by a "bullwhacker," a driver with a long, loud cracking whip. Then there was a bunch of loose cattle. On this occasion the train was made up of only three wagons, and we were driving a large herd of beef cattle to Fort Kearny for the use of Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston and his command, who were on their way to Salt Lake to fight the Mormons. I was only one of several extras. Though we always set guard, no Indians had appeared.

One noon, however, when we stopped for dinner and were loafing about on the grass waiting for the pot to boil we heard a scathing volley of shots from a copse. Some bullets and a dozen or more arrows whistled into camp. Everybody had jumped up at the first shot. But three of our men tumbled over at once, as if they had been tripped up. Then a number of things happened almost too quickly to describe.

Two bands of Indians were galloping toward us. One band stampeded and run off our cattle, while the other "rushed" us. Our men gave them a warm welcome and sent them back on the run. But the fight was not over. The "braves" only cantered out of range. There they were joined by others. They outnumbered us eight or ten to one. We could not hope to stand against such a multitude. We bolted for the South Platte river with the savages at our heels and found shelter behind the steep banks. From there we opened fire again and drove the following redskins once more out of range.

Frank McCarthy, our boss, said our one chance was to follow the Platte river to Fort Kearny, keeping out of sight under its banks. So the thirty-five mile march began through knee deep water and quicksand. Half a day we kept it up. I was dead tired, but it was no time for rest or complaining. Just the same, by nightfall my short legs wouldn't keep up with the procession. I dropped back, little by little, still plodding on as fast as my aching feet could move. We thought we had given the Indians the slip, but I still lugged my short, heavy rifle. It was a muzzle loading "Mississippi Jaeger" and carried a slug and two buckshot to each charge.

The moon had risen, and I was trying to catch up with the rest. Suddenly, in front of me and at the top of the high bank, I saw against the moon the head and high war bonnet of an Indian chief. He was bent double. The men ahead could not see him, but he had his gun leveled at them. I knew if he fired he could scarcely miss at that range. Some one of my friends must be killed. I had halted at sight of him, and he didn't see me. I had no time to think out the situation.

I brought up my rifle and took what aim I could in the deceptive moonlight. When my sights were just below the war bonnet's feathers I pulled the trigger. The stillness of the river was split by a roar as the report echoed from bank to bank. Down tumbled the chief over the edge, rolling over and over like a shot rabbit till he landed plump in the water.

A yell from the band he had led, and a score of Indians swarmed up to the bank. But our men drove them back, and they gave up the attack as a bad job. At dawn we limped worn out into Fort Kearny. The soldiers there started on a wild goose chase for the Indians. They were never caught. The slashed, scalped bodies of our dead were found beside the wrecked, looted wagons.

When I was thirteen my mother was building a hotel for the use of passing gold hunters, for this was late in 1859, when the gold fever swept America and all roads led to Pike's peak. Our Salt Creek valley home lay on one of the most traveled routes.

Hotel building and furnishing are not on the free list. So I wanted to help raise money for our Valley Grove House. With an older boy named Dave Phillips I planned a trapping trip. Winter was setting in when we started.

We bought an ox team and wagon to transport the traps, camp outfit and provisions and took a large supply of ammunition, besides extra rifles. Our destination was the Republican river. It courses more than 150 miles from Leavenworth, but the country about it was reputed rich in beaver. I acted as scout on the journey, going ahead to pick out trails, locate camping grounds and look out for breakers. The information concerning the beaver proved correct. The game was indeed so plentiful that we concluded to pitch a permanent camp and see the winter out.

We chose a hollow in a side hill and enlarged it to the dimensions of a decent sized room.

We had seen no Indians on our trip out and were not concerned in that quarter, though we were too good plainsmen to relax our vigilance. There were other foes, as we discovered the first night in our new quarters.

We were aroused by a commotion in the corral where the oxen were confined, and, hurrying out with our rifles, we found a huge bear intent upon a feast of beef. The oxen were bellowing in terror, one of them dashing crazily about the inclosure and the other so badly hurt that it could not get up.

Phillips, who was in the lead, fired first, but succeeded only in wounding the bear. Pain was now added to the savagery of hunger, and the infuriated monster rushed upon Phillips. Dave leaped back, but his foot slipped on a bit of ice, and he went down with a thud, his rifle flying from his hand as he struck.

A bullet from my rifle entered the distended mouth of the onrushing bear and pierced the brain, and the huge mass fell lifeless almost across Dave's body. The ox had to be killed.

Dave's chance to square his account with me came a fortnight later. We

"I saw against the moon the head of an Indian chief."

were chasing a bunch of elk when I fell and discovered that I could not rise.

"I'm afraid I have broken my leg," I said as Dave ran to me.

Phillips had once been a medical student, and he examined the leg with a professional eye. "You're right, Billy; the leg's broken," he reported.

Then he went to work to improvise splints and bind up my leg, and, this done, he took me on his back and bore me to the dugout. Here the leg was stripped and set in carefully prepared splints and the whole bound up securely. He made a pair of crutches for me.

"Tell you what I think I'd better do," said he. "The nearest settlement is some eighty miles away, and I can get there and back in twenty days. Suppose I make the trip, get a team for our wagon and come back for you?"

The idea of being left alone and well nigh helpless struck dismay to my heart, but there was no help for it, and I assented. Dave put matters into shipshape, piled wood in our dugout, cooked a quantity of food and put it where I could reach it without rising and fetched several days' supply of water. Mother, ever mindful of my education, had put some school books in the wagon, and Dave placed these beside the food and water. When Phillips finally set out, driving the surviving ox before him, he left behind a very lonely and homesick boy.

During the first day of my confinement I felt too desolate to eat, much less to read. But as I grew accustomed to solitude I derived real pleasure from the companionship of books. Perhaps in all my life I never extracted so much benefit from study as dur

"A bullet from my rifle entered the mouth of the bear."

ing that brief period of enforced idleness, when it was my sole means of making the dragging hours endurable.

A fortnight passed. And one day, weary with my studies, I fell asleep over my books. Some one touched my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw an Indian in war paint and feathers.

"How?" said I, with a show of friendliness, though I knew the brave was on the warpath.

Half a score of bucks followed at the heels of the first, squeezing into the little dugout until there was barely room for them to sit down.

With sinking heart I saw them enter, but I plucked up spirit again when the last, a chief, pushed in, for in this warrior I recognized an Indian that I had once done a good turn.

Whatever Lo's faults, he never forgets a kindness any more than he forgets an injury. The chief, who went by the name of Rain-in-the-Face, at once recognized me and asked me why I was in that place. This chief was the father of the Rain-in-the-Face who in a later year killed General Custer at the memorable battle of the Little Big Horn. I displayed my bandages and related the mishap that had made them necessary and refreshed the chief's memory of a certain occasion when a blanket and provisions had drifted his way. Rain-in-the-Face replied, with proper gravity, that he and his chums were out after scalps and confessed to designs upon mine, but in consideration of auld lang syne he would spare the paleface boy.

Auld lang syne, however, did not spare the blankets and provisions, and the bedizened crew stripped the dugout almost bare of supplies, but I was thankful enough to see the back of the last of them.

Two days later a blizzard set in. I took an inventory and found that, economy considered, I had food for a week, but as the storm would surely delay Dave I put myself on half rations.

Three weeks were now gone, and I looked for Dave momentarily, but as night followed day and day grew into night again I was given over to keen anxiety. Had Phillips lost his way? Had he failed to locate the snow covered dugout? Had he perished in the storm? Had he fallen victim to the Indians?

The twenty-ninth day dawned. Starvation stalked into the dugout. The wood, too, was well nigh gone. But great as was my physical suffering my mental distress was greater. I sat before a handful of fire, shivering and hungry, wretched and despondent.

Hark! Was that my name? Choking with emotion, unable to articulate, I listened intently. Yes, it was my name and Dave's familiar voice, and with all my remaining energy I made an answering call.

My voice enabled Phillips to locate the dugout, and a passage was cleared through the snow. And when I saw the door open the tension on my nerves let go, and I wept "like a girl."

"God bless you, Dave!" I cried as I clasped my friend around the neck.

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